

obey. His great efforts sometimes only aroused antagonism. But that did not discourage him. He knew that much of his work must be in bearing witness. Gathering in converts is most pleasant work, but God appoints His ministers for another end sometimes. Paul was entirely willing to forego the delight of seeing men coming to Christ when he knew that he was proclaiming the truth. He seemed to realize the comforting fact that it was simply for him to sow the seed, while God would take care of the increase.

HORATIUS BONAR AND HIS HYMNS.

At the Grange Church, Edinburgh, during January last, there was a celebration of the centenary of the eminent minister and hymn-writer, Horatius Bonar. On a week day a number of ministers and laymen from all churches spoke of his service to Christ and His kingdom, especially in the hymns which are sung in all English-speaking lands. Many memories were recalled and incidents narrated illustrative of traits of character. On Sunday a memorial sermon was preached by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who was the successor of Mr. Bonar in a pastorate at Kelso.

We have a Virginia story connected with the comforting and upholding ministry of one of Bonar's best known laymen. A few miles from Richmond a family of ladies were again and again thrown into alarm and distress by the visitation of the place by detachments of the Federal forces, violent and threatening. Nothing could exceed the fearful conditions in which they were placed, and the mercy of God alone protected them. One day, when the surrounding camps were deserted, one of the family found in the camps a hymn book, and in it the mother saw for the first time Horatius Bonar's hymn:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest!"

To the troubled mother and her children it was a message of inexpressible comfort, and remained so through all the grief and fears of the war time. And it came to them from the camp of those who brought their losses and their fears. The sequel of the story is that after the war one of the daughters of that home was a visitor in Edinburgh for some time and a worshiper in Mr. Bonar's church. When he called to see her in the home of a kinswoman she told him how they had found his hymn, and how it comforted and cheered their hearts, to his evident and great pleasure.

Do you know the hymns of Bonar which are in our own hymn-book. Suppose you remember his centennial and read the hymns:

"I heard the Voice of Jesus Say."

"I lay my sins on Jesus."

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord."

"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm."

There is an earlier one not in any of our collections, which has a refrain:

"Only remembered by what I have done."

Truth is not a thing to be told. It is a life to be lived.

A SABBATH AT SEA.

I suspect that sooner or later every minister finds himself very much at sea on Sabbath morning. Some of us are often there. But never before have I found myself actually upon the sea for the whole of a Sabbath day. The experience was brand new to me. As the editor has requested me to send back an occasional letter while I am spending my holiday in England and Scotland, I will write down this new experience for my first letter.

I had always thought of seamen as a godless sort of men, from the stoker who shovels coal into the furnace to the captain who walks on the bridge. In this I was mistaken. Perhaps they are not as pious as they ought to be, but I find that there is no little piety among them, and that they observe the Sabbath in a way that is just about as reverent as circumstances will allow. Or at least that is true on the Cunard Line, on which I am sailing.

We left New York on the Caronia on Saturday morning, July 31st, at ten o'clock. That afternoon an officer called and asked me if I were a clergyman of the Church of England. I do not know just why he should have made that guess. My table companions had already guessed that I was a minister or an actor, inclining to the latter, as they thought I looked too hopeful for a minister. I am using their own language. Of course I had to tell the officer that I did not belong to the Church of England, which the most of us know is the Episcopal Church. And of course when he heard that he passed on. I could not fill the bill. On every English passenger ship there must be held every Sunday morning a service according to the Church of England. If a clergyman of that Church is on board they press him into service. If not, some officer of the ship conducts the service. No other minister will do. The Rev. Dr. C. F. Aked, pastor of Mr. Rockefeller's Church in New York, was aboard the Caronia on her last trip, but they could not use him. He is a Baptist.

When Sunday morning came it was announced that there would be "divine service" in the first-class dining room, and that there would be a "Catholic service" in the second-class dining room. The Catholic service was purely voluntary as a Catholic bishop and several priests are aboard. I will confess that I was a bit tempted to attend the Catholic service as I had never attended one and as the bishop was to be there, but my conscience was not exactly clear about it when I knew there was going to be a Protestant service. So I filed into the first-class dining room at the appointed hour. There are two hundred and eighty-five chairs in the dining room. The most of these were filled. The best seats were reserved for the seamen. There are about four hundred of these connected with the boat. I was surprised to find that all of these who could leave their posts of duty were required to attend the service. They sign that as a part of the contract when they take a position on this line, unless they have conscientious scruples. Of course a great many could not leave their posts, as the ship never stops for a moment, day or night, between New York and Queenstown. But a goodly number was present.

At every seat there was an Episcopal hymn book,